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he was before the fight, perhaps Doucet is correct in his evaluation of the incident. Somehow it seems to me that the father is jealous of the son / frightened by the son. In addition, the father appears to have an abnormal desire to be "King of the roost," if you will. He is so involved in his own machinations worded that he believes that he must periodically beat up a few people just to let himself know / just to remind himself that he is King of the roost. It's all quite unbearable. At any rate, I walked over to 46 Canaan and visited with a battered JOB. When I arrived, JOB and his father were watching television. The father works nights at the Hendrick Company and that is why he was home in the afternoon. I became a part of the television watching group, if you please, and remained there -- in front of the television -- until JOB's father went to work, at about 3:30 PM. JOB and I then went up to JOB's room and JOB showed me his new stereo, which was bought partially with funds earned while working at City Hall. We had a grand time. JOB showed us his various collections: money, books, trains. He went through a box of old correspondence and I was pleased to see there every letter that I ever wrote to JOB. We listened to several tapes in JOB's collection. It was a very nice couple of hours -- JOB in his domain. At about 5:30 or so the remainder of the family appeared. JOB and I were on our way down to City Hall when it was announced that a pepperoni pizza was on its way from Pizza Shack -- Ann, who lives across the street from 46 Canaan, works there and brings home free pizza almost daily. The Berenick family frequently receives the pizza. JOB and I decided to stay for the pizza -- good but not very good. We walked down to City Hall and the crew was not there. They had waited and waited and finally had decided to leave. JOB was in charge and so I didn't